

Program
Dr. Sung Eun Park & Dr. Carlos Quesada; *piano*

Adoration.....TLU Strings, Dr. Eliza Jeffords, conductor

Resignation.....TLU Treble Choir, Dr. Douglas Boyer, conductor

Memory Mist.....Dr. SungEun Park, piano

Elfentanz.....Celeste Anderson, flute

The Deserted Garden.....Camryn Bly, flute

Fantasy No. 1 for violin and piano.....Dr. Hilary Janysek, flute

An April Day (Cotter).....Gabriella Garza, soprano

Bewilderment (Hughes).....Bailey Kaysa, mezzo soprano

Sunset (Elder).....Jillian Spiller, soprano

Sympathy (Dunbar).....Shyanne Bermuda, soprano

Intermission

The Glory of the Day was in Her Face (Johnson).....Jasmine Browning, soprano

The Moon Bridge (Gamble).....Ellie Follis, soprano

I am Bound for the Kingdom (Spiritual).....Erin Isler, soprano

Weary Traveler (Spiritual).....Emma Oberle, soprano

I Grew A Rose (Dunbar).....Nicklas Aune, tenor

What's the Use (Dunbar).....Aliyah Harris, mezzo soprano

My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord (Spiritual).....Dr. Liliana Guerrero, soprano

“The Glory of the Day was in Her Face”

Poetry by James Weldon Johnson

The glory of the day was in her face,
The beauty of the night was in her eyes.
And over all her loveliness, the grade
Of Morning blushing in the early skies.

And in her voice, the calling of the dove;
Like music of a sweet, melodious part.
And in her smile, the breaking light of love;
And all the gentle virtues in her heart.

And now the glorious day, the beautiful night,
The birds that signal to their mates at date,
To my dull ears, to my tear-blinded sight
Are one with all the dead, since she is gone.

“The Moon Bridge”

Poetry by Mary Rolofson Gamble

The moon like a big, round ball of flame
Rose out of the silver bay,
And built a bridge of golden beams,
Where the fairies came to play.

I saw them dancing in jewel'd robes
On the wavelet's rhythmic flow,
And I long'd to stand on the magic bridge,
In the moonlight's mystic glow.

But over the sky a veil of mist
Thin, soft as a web of lace,
Was drawn, then parted, then came again,
With easy, coquettish grace.

And the moon put on a somber mask,
And frowned on the rippling wave,
And the beautiful bridge went under the sea,
Nor a beam could the fairies save!

I wonder'd if this would end their play,
And if, as the bridge went down,
They would lose their jewels so frail and fair,
And their queen her diamond crown!

But they glided away in merry mood,
To their home in the rosetree's bowers,
And there they danced on the dewy grass,
Till the “wee sma” morning hours.

“I am Bound for the Kingdom “

(Spiritual)

I am bound for the Kingdom,
I am bound for the Kingdom,
I am bound for the Kingdom.
Glory in my soul!

If you get there before I do,
Glory in my soul,
Look out for me, I'm a comin' too,
Glory in my soul.

I am bound for the Kingdom,
I am bound for the Kingdom,
I am bound for the Kingdom.
Glory in my soul!

“Weary Traveler”

(Spiritual)

Let us cheer the weary traveler
Along the heavenly way.
I'll take my gospel trumpet
And I'll begin to blow
And if my Saviour helps me,
I'll blow wherever I go.
And brothers, if you meet with crosses
And trials on the way,
Just keep your trust in Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

“I Grew A Rose”

Poetry by Paul Laurence Dunbar

I grew a rose within a garden fair,
And, tending it with more than loving care,
I thought how, with the glory of its bloom,
I should the darkness of my life illumine;
And, watching, ever smiled to see the lusty bud
Drink freely in the summer sun to tinct its blood.

My rose began to open, and its hue
Was sweet to me as to its sun and dew;
I watched it taking on its ruddy flame
Until the day of perfect blooming came,
Then hasted I with smiles to find it blushing red—
Too late!
Some thoughtless child had plucked my rose and fled!

“What’s the Use”

Poetry by Paul Laurence Dunbar

What’s the use o’ folks a-frownin’
When the way’s a little rough?
Frowns lay out the road fur smilin’
You’ll be wrinkled soon enough.
What’s the use?

What’s the use o’ folks a-sighin’?
It’s an awful waste o’ breath,
An’ a body can’t stand wastin’
What he needs so bad in death.
What’s the use?

What’s the use o’ even weepin’?
Might as well go long an’ smile.
Life, out longest, strongest arrow,
Only lasts a little while.
What’s the use?

“My Soul’s Been Anchored in the Lord”
(Spiritual)

In the Lord, in the Lord
My soul’s been anchored in the Lord.
Before I’d stay in hell one day,
My soul’s been anchored in the Lord;
I’d sing and pray myself away,

My soul’s been anchored in the Lord
I’m going to pray and never stop,
My soul’s been anchored in the Lord;
Until I’ve reached the mountain top,
My soul’s been anchored in the Lord

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